

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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In cases of local 10 cents per line first in-
sertion and 5 cents per line each subsequent
insertion.

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN is pleased to contribute in
various ways to the welfare of the community.
It will accept of notices of marriages, deaths
and other news of interest to the community.
It will also accept of notices of births and deaths
and of other news of interest to the community.
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and other news of interest to the community.

JENNY.

It was night. The cabin, poor but
warm and cozy, was full of a half twi-
light, through which the objects of the
dimly visible but dimly visible by the
glimmer of the embers which flickered
on the hearth and reddened the dark
ruffles overhead. The fisherman's nets
were hanging on the wall. Some homely
pots and pans twinkled on a rough shelf
in the corner. Beside a great bed with
long falling curtains, a mattress was
extended on a couple of old benches on
which five little children were asleep
like cherubs in a nest. By the bedside,
with her forehead pressed against the
cushion, knelt the children's mother.
She was alone. Outside the cabin the
black ocean, dashed with stormy snow-
flakes, moaned and murmured, and her
husband was at sea.

From his boyhood he had been a fisher-
man. His life, as one may say, had been
a daily fight with the great waters; for
every day the children must be fed, and
every day, rain, wind or tempest, out
went his boat to fish. And while in the
four cold hours he piled his solitary task
at sea with his wife at home patched the sails,
mended the nets, looked to the hooks or
watched the little fire where the fish
soup was boiling. As soon as the five
children were asleep he felt upon her
knees and prayed to heaven for her husband
in his struggle with the waves and
darkness. And truly such a life as his
was hard. The likeliest place for fish
was a mere speck among the breakers,
not more than twice as large as his own
cabin—a spot obscure, capricious, chang-
ing on the moving desert, and yet which
had to be discovered in the fog and tem-
pest of a winter night by sheer skill and
knowledge of the tides and winds. And
there while the gliding waves ran past
like general serpents, and the gulf of
darkness rolled and tossed, and the
straining rigging groaned as if in terror
of its own Jenny, and Jenny, in her
cabin, thought of him with tears.

She was thinking of him then and
praying. The seagull's harsh and mock-
ing cry distressed her, and the roaring
of the billows on the reef alarmed her
soul. But she was wrapped in thoughts
—thoughts of his poverty. Their little
children went barefooted winter and
summer. Wheat bread they never ate,
only bread of barley. Heaven! the
wind roared like the bellows of a forge,
and the ocean echoed like an anvil.
She wept and trembled. Poor wives
whose husbands are at sea! How terri-
ble to say, "My dear ones—father, lover,
brother, sons—are in the tempest!"
But Jenny was still more unhappy. Her
husband was alone—alone without as-
sistance on this bitter night. Her chil-
dren were too little to assist him. Poor
mother! Now she says, "I wish they
were grown up to help their father!"
Tears came. In years to come, when
they are with their father in the tempest,
as will say, with tears, "I wish they
were her children still!"

Jenny took her lantern and her cloak.
"It is time," she said to herself, "to see
whether he is coming back, whether the
sea is calmer, and whether the light is
coming on the signal mast." She went
out. There was nothing to be seen—
hardly a streak of white on the horizon.
It was raining, the dark, cold rain of
early morning. No cabin window show-
ed a gleam of light.

All at once, while peering round her,
her eyes perceived a tumbledown old
cabin, which showed no sign of light or
life. The door was swinging in the
wind, the workman's walls seemed
easily able to support the crazy roof,
in which the wind shook the yellow,
fuzzy tufts of rotten thatch.

"Stay," she cried, "I am forgetting
the poor widow whom my husband found
the other day alone and ill. I must see
how she is getting on."

She knocked at the door and listened.
No one answered. Jenny shivered in the
cold sea wind.

"She is ill. And her poor children!
She has only two of them; but she is
very poor, and has no husband."

She knocked again, and called out,
"Hey, neighbor!" But the cabin was
still silent.

"Heaven!" she said, "how sound she
sleeps that it requires so much to wake
her!"

At the instant the door opened of
sudden. She entered. Her lantern illu-
minated the interior of the dark and silent
cabin, and showed her the water falling
from the ceiling as through the openings
of a sieve. At the end of the room an
old woman was lying—a woman
retched out motionless, with bare feet
and sightless eyes. Her cold, white arm
hung down among the straw of the pal-
lage. She was dead. Once a strong and
lively mother, she was now only the
specter which remains of poor humanity
after a long struggle with the world.

Near the bed on which the mother lay
two little children—a boy and a girl—
slept together in their cradle and were
smiling in their dreams. Their mother,
when she felt that she was dying, had
wrapped them in her dress, to keep them
warm when she herself was cold.

How sound they slept in their old, tot-
tering cradle, with their calm breath
and quiet little faces! It seemed as if
nothing could awake these sleeping or-
phans. Outside the rain beat down in
shower and the sea gave forth a sound
like an alarm bell. From the old crev-
ices of the roof, through which blew the
wind, a deep of water fell on the dead face and
the down like a tear.

It seemed as if she felt repentance. Her
forehead fell upon the pillow, and at in-
tervals, with broken words, she mur-
mured to herself, while outside the cabin
moaned the savage sea.

"My poor man! Oh, heavens, what
will he say? He has already so much
trouble. What have I done now? Five
children on our hands already! Their
father toils and toils, and yet, as if he
had not care enough already, I must
give him this care more. Is that he?
No, nothing. I have done wrong—he
would do quite right to beat me. Is
that he? No! So much the better! The
door moves as if some one were coming
in; but no. To think that I should feel
afraid to see him enter!"

Then she remained absorbed in
thought and shivering with the cold, un-
conscious of all outward sounds, of the
black cormorants, which passed shriek-
ing, and of the rage of wind and sea.

All at once the door flew open, a streak
of the white light of morning entered,
and the fisherman, dragging his drip-
ping net, appeared upon the threshold,
and cried, with a gay laugh, "Here
comes the navy!"

"You!" cried Jenny; and she clasped
her husband like a lover, and pressed her
mouth against his rough jacket.

"Here I am, wife," he said, showing
in the firelight the good natured and
contented face which Jenny loved so well.
"I have been unlucky," he continued.
"What kind of weather have you
had?"

"Dreadful."
"And the fishing?"
"Bad. But never mind. I have you
in my arms again, and I am satisfied. I
have caught nothing at all. I have only
torn my net. The dence was in the
tempest I thought the boat was foundering,
and the cable broke. But what have
you been doing all this time?"

Jenny felt a shiver in the darkness.
"If" she said in trouble. "Oh, noth-
ing; just as usual. I have been sewing.
I have been listening to the thunder of
the sea, and I was frightened."

"Yes; the winter is a hard time. But
never mind it now."
Then, trembling as if she were going
to commit a crime:
"Husband," she said, "our neighbor
is dead. She must have died last night,
soon after you went out. She has left
two little children, one called Wilhelm
and the other Madeline. The boy can
hardly toddle, and the girl can only lis-
pen. The poor, good woman was in dreadful
want."

The man looked grave. Throwing
into a corner his fur cap, sodden by the
tempest: "The dence!" he said, scratch-
ing his head. "We already have five
children; this makes seven. And al-
ready in bad weather we have to go
without our supper. What shall we do
now? Bah, it is not my fault; it's God's
doing. These are things too deep for
me. Why has He taken away their
mother from these nites? These mat-
ters are too difficult to understand. One
has to be a scholar to see through them.
Such tiny scraps of children! Wife, go
and fetch them. If they are awake, they
must be frightened to be alone with
their dead mother. We will bring them
up with ours. They will be brother and
sister to our five. When God sees that
we have to feed this little girl and boy
besides our own He will let us take more
fish. As for me, I will drink water. I
will work twice as hard. Enough! Be
off and get them! But what is the mat-
ter? Does it vex you? You are gener-
ally quicker than this."

His wife drew back the curtain.
"Look!" she said.—Translated from
the French of Victor Hugo for Strand
Magazine.

The Visitor Was Not the Evil One.
The watchmen who guard the church of
the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, France,
got a large sized scare the other night, and
for a time thought that Satan had actually
invaded the holy edifice. At about 1 a. m.
they heard a most unaccountable noise
issuing from under the principal altar.
They approached with their lanterns and
were terrified at seeing what their imagi-
nations transformed into some strange
beast jump on the altar, overthrowing sev-
eral of the candlesticks and then disap-
pearing in the darkness. They sought all
night to discover the whereabouts of the
strange animal, but could find no trace of
it. They were finally convinced it was a
supernatural apparition; but it was dis-
covered in the morning that several fowls
belonging to one of the priests had been
killed in a henroost. The fox—for it seems
to have been nothing more nor less—was
captured in an outhouse.

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